

morning after

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Summary

Yoongi freezes, hands fisted to the blanket, eyes glued to the off-white ceiling - there's.... Someone in his bed (someone, he forces himself to acknowledge; it's broad daylight and he doesn't believe in any weird supernatural shit), but Yoongi doesn't remember anyone being there when he went to bed.

Shit.

Yoongi doesn't even remember going to bed.

Goddamnit, Namjoon, and his stupid fucking birthday.

Yoongi snores himself awake, instantly regretting waking up at all.

His skull gives a painful, sharp throb, and he groans, rolling to his side - his brain sloshes, disoriented, and he wonders what lifetime he's woken up in.

It's bright, meaning Yoongi's either finally done what he's always promised to do, and blasted himself into the sun, or he forgot to close his curtains the night before - either way, he cracks one eye out of curious annoyance, and groans again as he confirms the latter. Tugging the thick blanket over his face, Yoongi sighs, his pillow feeling more like a brick.

The sun isn't blaring directly into his room, at least, so it's probably later in the morning. He briefly wonders if he's late for anything, class, or maybe work, and dread fills him for all of five seconds; but he's quickly reminded that he took his precious vacation days and spent them on ensuring he had Namjoon's birthday weekend free from the shackles of the food industry, and he relaxes, rolling to his back so he can stretch.

He jumps, his throat clamping down on what would have handsdown been the most embarrassing screech, when his slides his leg across the bed and his toes come into contact with something warm, slightly hairy, and suspiciously human.

Yoongi freezes, hands fisted to the blanket, eyes glued to the off-white ceiling - there's.... Someone in his bed (some *one*, he forces himself to acknowledge; it's broad daylight and he doesn't believe in any weird supernatural shit), but Yoongi doesn't remember anyone being there when he went to bed.

Shit.

Yoongi doesn't even remember going to bed.

Goddamnit, Namjoon, and his stupid fucking birthday.

He licks his dry lips, and stretches his foot back out tentatively, every cell in his body on edge. He steels himself so he doesn't flail out of the bed when his toe brushes against the stranger's leg, again. He doesn't know why he's checking, there's no doubt there's someone *there* - but he feels better confirming it.

It takes him an embarrassingly long time to convince himself he has

the balls, but eventually, Yoongi turns his head, and gets a good first look at the sleeping body next to him (Oh, *God, please don't be a dead body....*). Or, at least, he gets a good first look at the back of the stranger's head, his shoulders.

It's a guy, duh, but with the way the morning has gone so far, Yoongi wouldn't have been surprised to find a girl, or a vampire, a fucking zebra, maybe. But it *is* a guy, sound asleep on his belly, his face turned away from Yoongi. He's got black, black hair, even, warm-pale skin, and oh, oh no, *is that a hickey?*

Yoongi groans, nearly blinding himself with the force in which he slams his palms to his eyes, because no way did he get so drunk he brought a stranger home. No way did he not only *not* bring a stranger home, he did *not* put that hickey there. He did not have sexual relations with the mystery man in his bed.

But he searches, digging frantically through his hazy, hungover brain, and comes up with exactly nothing. Still, it doesn't mean what he thinks it means.

The stranger makes a small, sleepy sound, and shifts, effectively taking fifteen years off Yoongi's life - but he doesn't roll over, doesn't seem to wake up. The blanket drags a little further down his lean back, and there goes another fifteen years off Yoongi's life.

There's another mark on his back, less of a hickey and more of a bite, and so what if that's Yoongi's habit? So what, it doesn't mean anything.

He can't stand it though, the curiosity is too strong, the lack of memory too frustrating. Yoongi rolls until he can partially prop himself on his elbow, and with every tiny bit of caution and stealth he can muster, he tugs the blanket further down, revealing the stranger's back inch by inch.

He's (beautifully, oh no) marked, down the column of his spine, all the way to the dip before the swell of his ass - Yoongi stops here, suddenly *extremely* aware that he's also naked beneath the same blanket, and now he feels dizzy.

Min Yoongi, twenty-five years old, best friend of Namjoon, official mini-me to Seokjin, the best damn server to ever work at Mama Kim's, has done a lot, a *lot*, of dumb shit in his life. He's done a lot of dumb shit, a lot of crazy shit, a lot of shit he should probably regret more than he does - but Min Yoongi has never, ever, gotten drunk to the

point of blacking out, and brought a stranger home.

Well, he thinks, glancing at the stranger again, guess there's a first time for everything.

With a pang of snark, he at least hopes he was *good* last night.

Yoongi rolls back to his left side, intending to sneak out of his own bed, and do... something. But the stranger makes a deep, sleepy groan, and suddenly there's a warm, surprisingly buff, arm wrapping around his waist - Yoongi is dragged backwards, gently, a cold nose burrowing into the curve of his neck.

"G'morning," the stranger mutters, his smooth, warm lips engraving the words into Yoongi's skin. "Mm, it feels early."

Panic, brighter than the sun and redder than Yoongi's face has to be, lights him up, and when FIGHT OR FLIGHT flashes in front of him, Yoongi runs for FLIGHT.

He launches himself from the bed, almost stumbling straight into the window, his brain stumbling just as hard as he tries to find the words to even explain.

"What- hyung? Are.. you okay?"

Yoongi pauses, moving away from the open window so nobody gets a good view of his bare ass, and cups himself, eyes scanning for something, anything to put on - but his eyes travel from the floor, to the bed, and he find himself honing in on a pair of bright, round, sleepy eyes showing more confusion than Yoongi feels himself.

Blackout drunk Yoongi has absolutely the best taste, at least. The stranger, currently pushing his hair from his face, the sheet tucked around his waist (there are more hickies on his chest, not that Yoongi is surprised anymore), looks less hungover than Yoongi feels, but twice as confused.

"Yoongi?" he asks, when the man in questions just stands there, silent and dumbly staring.

He doesn't expect the man to know his name, or to say it so... softly. He doesn't expect the creases left behind by the pillow to make him look so cute, he doesn't expect himself to literally be stunned into silence.

What a morning.

When Yoongi doesn't reply, he still has no idea how to explain why he's just standing in the middle of his bedroom, naked, the stranger's mouth purses into the tiniest, most heartbreaking pout, and he starts searching the floor beside the bed.

"I- I guess I should go, uh, here, these are yours." He tosses a pair of black briefs to the foot of the bed, keeping his eyes down as he does so. He seems to have found his own, but he struggles to reach for them without revealing himself, and Yoongi takes a deep, steadying breath.

As quickly as he can, Yoongi steps into his underwear, feeling much more confident, and he cracks his knuckles, finally realizing there's just no... dignified way to do this.

"Sorry," he blurts, hand on the back of his neck as he feels his face warm. "I'm sorry, I don't- I didn't.... Uh, last night, it's, well." He pauses, the other's eyes on him, lightly guarded, but mainly concerned.

Yoongi doesn't have anything to lose, he realizes.

"Last night was my friend's birthday party," he begins, struggling to keep eye contact. "I, uh, I think I drank, well... a lot. I don't... I don't remember... you just surprised me-"

The sheer *fear* on the man's face has Yoongi stunned into silence again, his brain stuttering.

"Oh, my god," he whispers, but the volume increases with each syllable. "Oh, shit, I am so sorry! I- I had no idea, you were, you didn't- I thought you were completely coherent, I'm so-"

Yoongi shakes his head, finding himself desperate to calm the panic in the stranger's eyes. "No! No, it's okay, it's not...", he pauses, his hands flailing. "I'm not mad," he finishes, shrugging. "I just... I don't even remember your name, dude, I'm sorry."

The other snorts, burning his face in his hands, looking amused and defeated. "It's Jungkook," he half-laughs, half-groans. "My name is Jungkook. We met at the arcade, you were kicking some dude's ass at air hockey and then declared you'd blow anyone who could beat you."

Nodding, Yoongi allows himself a smile - it sounds like something he

would do, especially after a few rounds of tequila. Especially after kicking Namjoon's ass at air hockey because the other was the only one worse than himself at the damn game.

"I swear, hyung, you were only drinking beer and you seemed as sober as I was, if I'd known-"

Yoongi interrupts him, shaking his head again. "Nah, kid- uh, Jungkook.. I mean, I handle my alcohol really well, I don't think I've ever been a... sloppy drunk. If I'm loud and offering blow jobs, that's me being drunk.. I tend to be more... quiet, when I haven't downed a gallon of whatever I drank."

Jungkook's nose wrinkles when he smiles, and if Yoongi weren't still in a state of embarrassed shock, he'd probably swoon - as it stands, he is still very embarrassed, still very, very shocked, and also he's increasingly curious at the flush rising across the other's cheeks.

The other clears his throat, rubbing his palms against his thighs, still hidden under the blanket. "Well. I knew this morning had the potential for at least a little awkwardness, but I didn't expect... this."

Silence falls, after Jungkook speaks, and Yoongi feels himself cringe - this is his fault; mostly, at least. He runs a hand through his hair, watching the other squirm in his peripheral, the silence making him uncomfortable.

And Yoongi wonders, he can't help it.

"Did... did you win?" he asks, blushing at the confusion on Jungkook's face. "Air hockey... did you win?"

His eyes do the crinkling thing again, when he smiles, his tongue flashing as he licks his lips in an attempt to hide that smile. "No," he finally admits. "You beat me by two points."

"Oh." Yoongi can't mask the shock, not at this point. "Then how... did we- did we end up here?" He gestures at his bed, at Jungkook, at the situation as a whole as if it isn't obvious.

Surprise, shock, embarrassment, it's all a moot point now, because nothing could have prepared Yoongi for the soft, sensual, borderline dangerous look that sweeps across Jungkook's sleepy features and settles like fire in Yoongi's belly.

"I offered, instead," he mutters, shy despite the look on his face. "You

told your friend happy birthday, tossed some money at him, and we weren't even out of the taxi yet, before..."

He trails off, smiling, eyes bright with amusement.

"Oh," Yoongi repeats.

Well, he thinks. At least he didn't throw himself at the guy, which is definitely a step in the right direction.

"And," Jungkook continues, the look on his face fading a bit. "I've, you know, had drunk sex before, but... you, well. You didn't fuck me like you were drunk."

Yoongi feels lightheaded, for reasons entirely unrelated to the fact that he fucked a stranger while so drunk he doesn't even remember it - well, maybe for exactly this reason.

"Well as long as I fucked you, uh, well, I guess."

"You did," Jungkook assures him with a coy, cute smile. Yoongi doesn't know what look he has on his face, but whatever it is, it has the other laughing, rubbing his hands against his eyes and squishing his cheeks. "I'm sorry, hyung. I just... this is weird." His hands fall to his lap, and he gives Yoongi a small, lost smile. "What do we do now? Or... I mean, I could go, I guess?"

Yoongi shrugs, his hand making another pass through his hair. "Well, I..."

He wants to say something that won't make things anymore awkward - he wants to say something that won't make Jungkook feel worse, that won't have the pretty dude with big, soft eyes leaving feeling ashamed. He just isn't sure what he could say.

But an image flashes across his consciousness while he's thinking; he remembers something, sort of - it's not so much a memory as it is a... feeling.

"Did, I, uh... did we, against the... window?" he asks, physically cringing before the words even leave his mouth because Jungkook's eyes go wide as he nods.

"You remember that?"

"Sort... of?"

And he does, almost, remember. It's not clear, it's more like he's trying to grasp at a dream after being woken suddenly, but there's something there. Yoongi swears he can almost remember the tone of Jungkook's voice when Yoongi touched him just right, too.

"You look like it's something you don't do often," Jungkook points out, hair falling into his eyes as he cocks his head. "Is it?"

"It is...", Yoongi admits to the other. "I just can't believe you were, well... down for it."

"I was feeling adventurous. And I was- well, *am*, still pretty into you, hyung."

The deep silence that follows Jungkook's admission isn't as awkward as the previous ones - Yoongi stares at Jungkook, who stares back, the ghost of a smile hovering in the background.

Yoongi can't stop himself from yawning suddenly, and out of habit he glances at the screen of his laptop on the desk by the door, the clock-wallpaper displaying the time. He almost groans in annoyance - it's *barely* nine.

Considering he's already made a massive ass out of himself, and considering Yoongi has done a lot of stupid shit in his life and this pales in comparison, after the shock has worn off, at least, and considering his belly is doing this fluttering thing when he meets Jungkook's eyes, Yoongi decides he can afford to take one tiny chance.

He moves back to the bed, after having stood on the opposite side of the room for the better part of half an hour, his toes smacking against the wood. "Do you like barbeque? There's a place a few blocks down, and their lamb and pork is the best in the neighborhood."

The other looks, for the first time, truly shocked. "Uh, yeah, hyung. I like barbeque.. Um...?"

Yoongi plops back into bed, shoving his legs under the blanket, pushing the knowledge that Jungkook is still naked from his mind. "I vote we sleep until noon and then go get lunch." He leans back against the headboard, looking expectantly at Jungkook. "On me," he adds quickly. "For, well, not remembering your name, for one. And all the other stuff."

Jungkook laughs at this, eyes bright. "That sounds like a date, you

know,” he mentions casually, not at all hiding the fact that he’s hoping it’s just that. “A little out of order, don’t you think?”

“All the great romances are unconventional in origin,” Yoongi shrugs, scooting down until his head hits the pillow, Jungkook now smiling down at him. “I mean, if you want to?”

Because why the fuck not, Yoongi thinks. Jungkook is cute, and he’s already admitted he’s into Yoongi in some way - Yoongi knows if he remembered meeting the other, he’d remember that sickly sweet nervousness of crush-at-first-sight he’s sure he’d had.

“Yes!” Jungkook says, diving beneath the blanket as if going to sleep faster will make it time to eat sooner. “Since you’re paying, I mean.”

Yoongi laughs, and it turns into a yawn - he tosses his arm over his eyes, wishing he’d remembered to close the curtains.

They’re silent, for a few minutes, before Jungkook speaks.

“Hyung?” he whispers. “Are you asleep?”

“Not yet,” Yoongi whispers back. “It’s too bright.”

He doesn’t hear Jungkook laugh, but he feels it - then he feels a weight on top of the blanket, on his belly; Jungkook’s arm, he thinks.

“I have to tell you something,” the other continues, his voice closer than before. “We, uh. About what you said, about doing things backwards?”

“Yeah? The first date is supposed to come before the first kiss, before sex, you know, all that.”

“Yeah, all that, but uh... the thing is... we haven’t kissed yet.”

Yoongi pulls his arm away and turns his head, squinting at Jungkook’s face (and oh, he’s *close*). “We what? How, we-”

Jungkook laughs, his eyes disappearing. “I have no idea.” He bites his lip, eyes dropping so subtly Yoongi barely notices. “It just... never happened.”

Yoongi stares (again), and Jungkook stares back, one arm under his face, the other still resting on Yoongi - his eyes dart back and forth, studying Yoongi’s face, watching him process.

Well. Yoongi's damn sure going to remember this.

He rolls at the same time he slides one hand across Jungkook's jaw, until his fingers are nestled in the other's hair - they meet in the middle, Yoongi pressing Jungkook back, Jungkook tilting his head, and because it's the morning after, because both of them probably taste absolutely disgusting, it stays chaste. But Jungkook's lips fit so snugly against Yoongi's, soft and warm and sweet, and it's right in every way.

When they pull apart, Yoongi blinking away the warmth in his chest, Jungkook is flushed a pale pink, smiling. He pulls Yoongi close, and buries his nose against the other's collarbones.

Yoongi, despite how this entire morning has gone, is almost unsurprised at how well they fit.

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